

Sara Part 2: Your better demons

by Ashl

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Summary: What is Sara? The gang asks the same question when the mystery girl shows up to help with a new threat.

Sara Part 2: Your better demons

Body ** Disclaimer:** I don't own 'em. Never have never will. They belong to Joss Wedon and all the other guys up there in Hollywoodland. Please don't sue me.

** Distribution:** You must ask me, if you don't I will be forced to kill you in the most painful way possible. Go ahead, make my day.

** Spoilers:** Season 4. And what a wonderful season it is, come on people let's give Joss a hand!

** Author's Note:** It's the same deal as in Part 1, except it starts to get better now. I've folded the fabric of time, Oz is gone, no Initiative, Anya comes later, Angel and Cordy are in LA, yadda yadda yadda.

** Sara Part 2: Your Better Demons** Hey, what the hell is Sara anyway? The gang asks that same question when the mysterious girl shows up again to help them with a dangerous threat.

Prologue:

Buffy tossed. She also turned. She pretty much flipped the bed over actually. She just couldn't sleep after everything that had happened with Sara. Willow picked her head up in the next bed.

"Buffy," she said. "Please stop moving, this is Southern California, people will think there's an earthquake."

Buffy turned. "I'm sorry," she said. "It's just..... Sara."

"Buffy, why do you care about this so much? You didn't even know her."

What difference does it make if she's not human? She hasn't given us any reason to think that she's evil."

"I know, but there's just something about this that kinda freaks me out." She looked out the window. "It's just a gut feeling."

Outside on the grass of the campus, Sara stared up at her window, tormented by her own thoughts. She debated what to do next. Her cover was blown, they knew she wasn't human. She winced at the thought of all their questions. How would she answer them without driving Buffy away? She decided that she would give them a while to calm down, and then reappear. It was the only way.

Finally tearing her gaze away from the window, she turned and began to walk away.

The only way.

Chapter 1:

Buffy delivered a spin kick to the punching bag that Giles held in his living room.

"Careful Buffy, you almost hit me," he said.

"Sorry," she said, stopping to wipe the sweat off of her face with a towel.

"Don't you think you're over exerting yourself a bit?"

"I'm training, it's what I do." Her tone was a bit snotty. Her eyes were narrowed as she appeared to be deep in thought. Something was obviously bothering her. Giles sat next to her on his couch.

"I've been doing a bit of research on this friend of yours, Sara," he said, glad to have something to say. She jerked her head around suddenly to look at him.

"Did you find anything?" she asked with great anticipation.

Giles frowned. "Not really," he said. "That is, nothing of use to us. I found literature on many creatures with eyes that can flash colors with mood, but none with healing powers."

"Oh," she said, resuming her gaze to the floor.

"This Sara is most definitely a very powerful being."

Sara stood outside a gas station, smacking a vending machine with much force.

"If you need exact change then give me my dollar back!" she screamed at it. Pressing the change button, she grunted as the machine made a beeping noise that tore through her skull like nails across a blackboard. She growled loudly in frustration, shaking the machine horribly. Something inside it broke, and every piece of candy came pouring out.

"There," she said. "God, so much trouble for peanut M&M's." She grabbed her prize and left the pile of candy to a mob of

six-year-olds. "Well, I'm never coming here again." Ripping the bag open, she walked away, spilling small candies into her hand. She knew exactly where she was going, she was going home, or what passed for home for the time being.

Her hotel room wasn't the prettiest place in the world. It had a bed and a bathroom, which was enough to keep Sara happy. She had tried to make it look nicer, placing flowers around the room, opening the curtains to let the sun shine in. She spent enough time in the dark as it was, she didn't need to be there all the time. She sighed as she looked out the window at the shiny happy people down there, and she remembered when she used to be alive. It was so long ago. A memory came to her. A snake and a scared horse, an overturned carriage, then pain, intense pain. She shook her head and began to breathe hard as her heart raced with the memory. It was too much. She tried not to think about it. She sighed once more and turned on the television, trying to get her mind off of her terrifying past.

The news was on. She only half-listened as she walked to the small budget refrigerator at the corner of the room.

"....was found with his throat slashed and his intestines, liver and stomach removed." Sara quickly ran back to the television when she heard this and turned up the volume.

At Giles' house, Buffy did the same thing.

"Friends and family members of the priest say that he was a kind and caring person, and cannot think of anyone who would want to kill him. We'll have more as this story develops, I'm Marie Potter, channel 6 news."

Chapter 2:

Xander walked around the almost dark church yard as the sun slowly dipped below the horizon.

"Oh sure," he said to himself. "I'll go to the crime scene. You guys keep researching. Like Buffy can't afford to take one night off of patrol to look around a dusty, old, really scary....."

A twig snapped behind him and he spun around. As the last rays of the sun disappeared, he saw nothing behind him.

"Ow, stupid stick," he heard. The voice sounded familiar to him. He turned on his flashlight.

"Sara?" he asked softly. She stepped into the light.

"Xander?"

"What are you doing here?" they asked simultaneously.

"I'm looking for clues," he said. "How 'bout you? Looking for someone else you can lie to?"

"Hey!" she said, burned at his hostility. "To be fair I never actually lied to you! I just didn't tell everything."

"Funny, I fail to see the difference."

"Look I don't have the time right now OK? We can trade insults and do the little quarrel thing later, but as far as I'm concerned I've got a demon to worry about right now. I don't need this."

"Well I don't need it either!" Xander was shouting now.

"Xander!" she hissed. "There's people in there. They'll hear you."

"Whatever. If you'll excuse me, I have to find a demon now."

"I can help," was Sara's quiet reply.

"I don't need it," he snapped. Sara fumed.

"Do you have any idea how totally unreasonable you're being?!" she yelled.

"Now you listen to me! I may not be the strongest or the smartest member of the Scooby Gang, but I don't need your help." He paused. "Although the sight of the enormous demon behind you is kinda challenging that idea."

Sara's eyes widened and she whipped around quickly. The demon lunged for them, dropping the body of the resident MIT- Minister in Training. In it's haste to escape, the demon knocked both Sara and Xander down.

"Ow," Sara said, getting up. She looked over at Xander, who had genuine horror on his face as he looked at the body. "We should call somebody," she said, trying to comfort him, something that she really never had to do before.

The walk back to Giles' condo was somewhat awkward. Sara and Xander walked in silence, neither knowing exactly what to say to each other. Xander stared ahead most of the time, obviously deep in thought. He gave a sigh. Sara couldn't take it anymore.

"That's it!" she practically yelled. "Say something! Make a wise crack. Anything, I just can't stand this whole meaningful silence thing." Xander stared at her. "Look so the guy dropped all right? It's not like he was one of your closest friends or anything." She tried to smile, but the almost disgusted look in his eyes, sent her face drooping into seriousness again.

"Okay," she began, regrouping. "So maybe my consoling leaves something to be desired. I'm not really into human relation type stuff. Although seeing as how I'm not really around humans that much, that would kinda make sense." She realized that she was babbling and tried to rap it up quickly. "What I'm trying to say is, um, if you wanna talk I'm-- well I'm here. To listen."

He looked at her, amused. "I'm fine. That wasn't my first dead body. Come to think of it I don't even think that was my thirtieth dead body."

"Thirty?" she asked. "Oh, well, you're young."

The rest of the walk to Giles' place continued not with the unbearable silence as before, but with a certain understanding that nothing more needed to be said.

Chapter 3:

Piles of books lay open on Giles' table, couch and desk, all dog eared to pages with passages relating to organ harvesting and demons who change their eye color, have healing powers

and look like thirteen year old girls. Willow, Giles and Buffy all looked through the books.

"Hey Giles how do you explain these books when you have women over?" Willow asked, then adding softly off of the looks he and Buffy both gave her, "never mind." Buffy gave a slight smile before she shut the book she had been looking through.

"Nothing in here about a demon who flashes their eyes, has healing powers or anything like that and shouldn't we be looking for something about the new demon roaming around cutting vital organs out of clergymen's insides?"

"Well, we don't really is a demon we're dealing with," Giles said. "And even If we did we would need a little more information than we already have. I'm sure that when Xander returns from the crime scene he will have some kind of helpful information."

Buffy raised her eyebrows. "Xander. You sent Xander to the crime scene. Why?"

"I resent that," Xander said as he walked into the apartment.

"Xander!" Buffy said, surprised to see him. "We were just talking about-" She stopped suddenly as she saw Sara walk out from behind him. "You," she finished quietly. "Well, look who's here."

"Hi," she said weakly.

"Sara," Willow said. "What are you doing here?"

"Tracking demons," she began. "Ran into Xander here. Thought I'd stop by. Say hello." Her voice dropped to a murmur. "Aplgz."

"What?"

Sara sighed. "Apologize," she said loudly. Buffy raised her eyebrows.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, I was kind of hoping that would be all I have to say." She looked at Buffy hopefully, only to be given a slightly angry look from Buffy. With a defeated groan, Sara spoke again. "Look, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lied to you."

"But you did," Giles said.

"I had my reasons."

"Be that as it may," Giles said. "We still have a demon to deal with."

"We also have a second victim," Xander said, seating himself on Giles' couch. "Sara and I found him. Got a good look at the demon too."

Buffy gave Sara an untrusting look, then turned to Xander again. "Second victim?"

"Same deal," Sara spoke up. "Liver, stomach and intestines removed."

"What did it look like?" Willow asked.

"Pretty much like a dead guy," Xander said.

"The demon!"

It was Sara who answered her question. "Green, slimy, two horns on the top of it's head. Closely resembled a Tornall demon actually."

"Tornall?" Giles said. "Those went extinct ages ago."

She acknowledged his statement with a small nod. "Also it had two canine fangs. A characteristic that is not seen in Tornalls." The gang, excluding Giles gave her a puzzled look. "Hey, I've had a lot of time to study demons?"

"Which brings us to our next order of business....." Buffy began.

"Buffy, please," Giles interrupted her. "We have more pressing business to attend to." He was obviously trying to avoid the issue of Sara's origins.

"Yeah," Sara said, nervously trying to avoid the subject as well. "What he said."

"Yes," he said. "Research anyone?"

"Yipee," Xander said. "Books and words. All we need are root canals to make the evening a complete party."

"Come on," Buffy said. "Without the books and words, I wouldn't know what to slay."

So they researched. They read, they yawned, they nodded off, they woke up, they read some more. Willow searched the Net, Xander searched the fridge and Sara sat with a book on her lap staring out the window. Buffy slowly approached her.

"Anything out there?" she asked Sara.

"Isn't there always?" Sara replied.

"Listen, there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"Ah ha!" Giles exclaimed, interrupting Buffy's statement. "I believe I've found it."

"Yeah," Xander said. "That's him."

"What is it?" Buffy asked.

"It's a Clean Demon."

"That's funny," Xander said. "It looked pretty slimy to me."

"A clean demon," Sara said. "I should have known."

"Okay," Willow said. "What's a clean demon."

Giles opened his mouth to speak, but Sara answered Willow's question.

"A demon that only preys on holy men, nuns and members of the clergy. Also has a taste for vital organs such as intestines, stomach, and liver. Once again, I should have known." She shook her head, slightly disappointed in herself. She stood up to face the group. "Well, I guess we're just going to have to cut the demon off at the source. We'll go back to the church and wait for it. It's got to come back sometime right?"

"Unless it goes to one of the other churches," Willow said.

"Well, we could cover the other churches, I mean, there are enough of us right?"

The rest of them looked at her questioningly. "You're not local are you?" Xander asked.

"Not extensively. Why?"

"It's estimated that over a third of Sunnydale's property is occupied by churches," Giles explained to her.

"And temples," Willow added.

"Yow," Sara said.

Buffy stood up. "Giles, why don't you and the gang keep researching, see if you can find out if this demon has any specific hangouts. I'm going to swing by Willy's Place. See what I can dig up."

"Need any company?" Sara asked.

"Sure," Buffy said reluctantly.

Chapter 4:

Willy was waxing the bar, trying to get demon guts off of it.

"You think a store on a Hellmouth would carry a good glass and surface cleaner," he said aloud. The vamps at the bar didn't respond. He looked up to the door, and she walked in. "Oh no." He looked at her as she made her way to the bar and until she sat down, didn't

even notice the second person with her.

"So, what can I get for you this- AHH!" he yelled as he saw who it was that was with the Slayer. "What are you doing here? I thought I told you not to come back here."

"Oh and that just sent a chill through my spine that made me want to curl up in a cave for the rest of my life," Sara said. Buffy was shocked that he knew her at first, but then dismissed her surprise. It makes sense that Sara come here. This being a supernatural hot spot and her being supernatural.

"Look, it's because of you that I lost a very good customer."

"He pissed me off. Anyway, I'm not here to trade gripes with you Willy. I need some information."

"On what."

"Heard anything about a clean demon in the area?" Buffy asked.

"Clean demon? Ain't to many clean demons around lately. Society's fault if you ask me."

"Nobody asked you Willy," Sara said.

"Look," he said, his voice lowering. "I'd have to be pretty stupid to lie to you, considering the fact that I'm very frightened of you. So believe me when I say that I genuinely do not know anything more than you do about this demon."

Sara leaned forward to whisper to him. "You're right Willy, you would have to be an idiot to lie to me." She grabbed his collar and threw him across the bar. "Of course, you are an idiot. So I'm gonna ask you this once. Are you telling me the truth?" He struggled to nod under the grip she had on his throat. "Good," she said, letting him up, and adjusting his wrinkled shirt. "We wouldn't want a repeat of last time would we? That was bad."

"Yeah," said a voice. "It was bad. But it sure was funny."

"Spike," Buffy said, turning.

"Slayer," he said by way of greeting. "So that's it?" he asked Sara. "I was kind of hoping you'd throw him out the window again."

"Uh, please don't," Willy said from behind them. "Those windows are very expensive. Plus, you know, the pain."

"Why don't you go chase your tail Spike," Sara said, moving to the door. To Buffy's surprise, Spike moved, almost jumped out of her way.

She followed Sara outside, and found her waiting for her. When Sara saw the look of shock that Buffy had in her eyes, she hurried along, eager to get Buffy's mind off of whatever she was thinking.

"Come on," Sara said. "We should swing by a couple of churches. Look out for it." She started walking.

"What are you?" Buffy asked. Sara stopped short, and turned.

"I can't tell you."

"Sara, you show up, save our lives, and then act all cryptic about it. Only one thing is sparking recognition and judging by the fact that you're wearing a cross around your neck tells me that you're not a vampire with a soul. I think I deserve to know what exactly you are."

"Look I-" Sara took a breath. "I don't want to talk about it okay?"

"What are you?!" Buffy yelled.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Sara screamed. "I don't know what I am. I- I came here to find out."

Buffy didn't know what to say. Sara went on.

"All I know is, I'm dead. For a while too. I'm like, two hundred."

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"Because then you'd wanna know everything. My family, my past... And I can't talk about that stuff. Not yet."

"When?"

"I don't know. Lately I've been communicating with this spirit. She knows a lot. I think she's very old. She told me: 'Seek out the Slayer. With her you will find the answer.' I was kind of hoping maybe Giles and his extensive collection of books would maybe wanna help."

"We've actually already been looking up creatures who can change eye color with mood and have healing powers. I'll just add 'dead' to the list."

"And you can cross off the healing power thingie. That's just magick."

"Now you see," Buffy said. "With that information, or lack thereof, we're sure to find out what you are."

Chapter 5:

The next morning, following an unsuccessful demon hunt, Xander and Willow walked to Giles' house. When they called Giles to check in the last night, he told them everything that Buffy had said on the phone about Sara. They were talking about her.

"So what do you think she is?" Xander asked.

"I don't know," Willow answered him. "She seems nice though. And hey, magick user. That's good. It'd be nice to have someone to do spells with." She stopped walking as they passed a church on Xander's shortcut. "Wow, this place is spooky."

"Oh and would you look at that. It's abandoned. Added bonus."

"Uh Xander? Since when do abandoned churches have boarders?" she asked as she noticed the figure in the window.

"And since when are they big, green and slimy?" he asked, getting a better look. The demon in the window looked at them. Willow's eyes widened.

"Time to go," Xander said, grabbing her arm as he ran with her to Giles' house.

Buffy and Sara sat on Giles' couch. Sara had a book on her lap, but she wasn't really reading. She mostly just looked around at the people in the room. She just met them, she had _ lied _to them and now they were helping her. She was very lucky.

Just then, Xander and Willow came crashing through the door. The three of them looked up at the door, and Buffy stood up.

"Demon?" Buffy asked.

"Uh huh," Willow said, nodding her head.

"Where?" Sara asked.

"You know that old abandoned church on Holland street?" Xander asked. Buffy nodded. "Yeah, well, there are some new inhabitants of the genus Demonous Scaryus."

Sara and Buffy looked at each other quickly. Buffy turned to Giles.

"Giles," she said. "You keep researching. Everybody grab a weapon, we're going after this thing."

"During the day?" Willow asked. "Isn't that a little risky?"

Buffy glanced at Sara. "I want this demon out of the way, we have other things to deal with right now."

"Be careful," Giles called as they left the apartment.

"So we find this demon," Xander said. "Then what."

"Kill it," Buffy replied.

"Works for me," Willow added.

They came upon the old church and, peering in the window, saw the demon walking around the room. Stopping at an old crucifix, he spoke in some strange language.

"Glutoniom larges teonitum evoh," he said.

"Huh?" Buffy asked. Xander shrugged.

"He said 'Filthy humans and their pitiful faith'," Sara said. All eyes turned toward her, but she looked ahead, afraid to meet their

gaze. They backed away from the window, cautious of being so close to the demon.

"Shall we storm in?" Xander asked.

"I don't know," Buffy said. "The building doesn't look very stable."

"I'll say," Willow said. "They were supposed to demolish it last Wednesday." She was reading a notice on the outside wall. "I guess the demon scared them off."

"I guess," Buffy said, glancing back. "I say we take the sneak attack. Sara, you're coming with me. Xander, Willow, you have to be the safety net. You guys catch him if he gets out." She turned to Sara. "Let's go,"

Sara and Buffy stood outside the dilapidated doorway.

"What do we do now?" Sara asked.

"_ You_ create a diversion."

"What?"

"Just do it."

Sara groaned and gently tip toed into the room. The demon's back was to her and he didn't notice her. She stepped up to him, not knowing what to do. She looked back at Buffy who urged her on. Still unsure of what to do, Sara reached out.....

And whacked him on the back of his head.

He turned around, furious, and was about to rip Sara's head off when Buffy rushed inside. She took the demon down with a jumping kick to the face, which Sara had to duck to avoid. It got back up almost immediately. Buffy was startled. This demon was obviously stronger than she had thought. She continued her attack, with kicks and punches to the face, and chest, all of which had little effect. While Buffy plagued his front, Sara did damage to his back, delivering a skillfully aimed kick to the back of his legs, causing him to falter, but not to fall. With one hand he threw Buffy up against a support beam.

Big mistake.

Willow and Xander watched in horror as the building began to shake. As it came down, they were relieved to see Buffy and Sara run out, covering their heads. The entire front of the building had come down, to reveal the back of the church.

"Uh oh," Buffy said, for staring at them from the inside of the church, were at least twenty of the same extremely hard to kill demons. And boy did they look pissed off.

Sara looked around quickly, for any kind of weapon that could possibly stand a chance against them. As a truly beautiful sight crept to her eyes, she smirked.

The demons were making their way to the ripped open side of the building, intending to climb down, when they heard:

"Yoo hoo, demon boys!"

They looked up to see Sara, wearing a hard hat, with her foot on an explosives detonator. Their collective eyes widened as she pushed down on it, sending the remains of the building, and it's residents up in a cloud of smoke.

"Leave it to construction workers to leave heavy explosives hooked up and unattended." She took off the hard hat as Buffy, Willow and Xander emerged from behind the wall they used to protect themselves. "Remind me to send them a fruit basket."

Buffy walked to Sara and put an arm around her.

"And this time," she said. "You'll stay for the 'thank you'?"

Sara nodded.

"Well that was a special experience," Xander said.

"Yeah," Willow said. "Except for the whole thing about them eating intestines. I mean aren't they afraid of bacteria?"

Sara laughed and they made their way back to Giles' house a little banged up, but still with all their vital organs in place.

Epilogue:

Sara was sitting on Giles' sofa, once again, not reading. Thinking. Deeply. Buffy sat down next to her, and waved a hand in front of her face.

"Ground Control to Sara," she said. "You home?"

Sara snapped out of it. "Yeah, sorry..... just.... thinking." She turned to face Buffy. "How's Giles doin' with the-"

She was cut off with the sound of Giles calling to her.

"Ah- aha!" he said.

"That's usually a good sound," Sara said, brightening a little. "Find anything?"

"Yes," he said. "It's an old manuscript about a race of spirits whose names roughly translate to 'lost ones'. It says here that they are ghosts that were turned away from the other world." He stopped suddenly, then spoke quietly. "Forever."

The slight optimism in Sara's heart faded away as the words' meaning sank in. She looked down to the floor, and for a moment thought she might cry, but suppressed her tears. She stared at the floor, only partially aware of the sensation of Buffy stroking her hair in an effort to comfort her.

Xander looked on, pain deep in his heart, screaming out for this poor

girl who had been fighting for so long, and now, found out that there would never be an end to her suffering. His heart went out to her. He had never been very religious, but when he got home that night, he got on his knees and prayed for her. He asked that she be given a second chance. He went to sleep hoping someone heard him.

Someone did.

Tune in next time for the big turning point: ** Revealed**. The secrets of Sara's past come to light.

End
file.